#### From the Woman's Journal. TO ONE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND.

BT V.

Oh friend, on whom I lavish many a thought, And many a longing waste, by thee unknown, Sometimes to me, in forebodings brought, There comes a time when each shall stand alone; When each, apart, pursues the separate ways, In wide diverging paths, that no more interlean; And time and absence, through all coming days, Or change, or worse, shall fall our hearts between. If any time should come so dark and sad That bitter thoughts 'twixt thee and me should

rise,
If tender looks shall no more make me glad,
Nor any comfort come from loving eyes,—
Nay, though I even seem to shun thee, yet
indeed,

My time, my help were thine at faintest cry of

## MARIA SAXONBURY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD. AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "TERNER'S PRIDE. "THE CHANNINGS, "A LIFE'S SKCELT," &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.

#### RIVALS AT SAXONBURY.

A week passed over, a fortnight passed over, a month passed over, and still Mr. Janson was located at Saxonbury. It may appear curious that the stranger, come down for only a day or two's vieit, should remain so long, but the explanation is easy. A medical student, nearly qualified, and clever in his profession, Lady Saxonbury, who felt a liking for him the first moment she saw him, naturally confided to her ailments. Mr. Janson took quite a new view of her case, and recommended remedies which had never been tried. It may be, that they did not recommended remedies which had never been tried. It may be, that they did not do her any tomanent good; indeed, he acknowledged the doubt himself, but they considerably alleviated her daily sufferings, and it rendered her unwilling to part with him She besought him to remain with almost impassioned fervor, she pressed Sir Arthur to keep him. Mr. Janson frankly assured Lady Saxonbury that he did not require pressing: that he that he did not require pressing: that he would remain as long as she liked. His course of studies in London was over for the present; he was about to pass some months in Paris, and pursue them there; and, whether he went a few weeks later

or earlier was of no consequence. So he staid on. Indispensible to Lady Saxonbury, winning every day on the es teem of Sir Arthur, rendering himself agreeable to Mrs Ashton, and—falling in

love with Maria.

It was the old story over again of Raby Raby. With one exception There were morning meetings in the picture-gallery, and afternoon roamings in the fair grounds of Saxonbury, and evening lingerings in the deep bay windows, gazing out on the Folly, on the lovely scenery by moonlight. Just as it had been in Raby's time But, what Raby had not done with all his poetry and passion, had been affected by the less poetical, far less impassioned Mr. Janson—he had gained the heart of Maria

timid nature? Poor Raby, with his in-nate refinement, his sensitive reticence, tunes, contrived to impart to Maria a Mr. Janson, whose birth was far inferio to Raby's, whose position and prospects in point of fact, were little, if any, better than Raby's fallen ones, gave to her an idea of his being superior. Not purposely: tew men thought less about setting forth his own merits, or making himself ap-pear what he was not, than Edward Janson. His frank, open words, his thor-oughly easy and gentlemanly bearing, his somewhatoff-hand manner to the servants contributed to the impression. Who or what he was, Maria Saxonbury did not ask; she had never been in the habit of troubling herself with such questions where a companion was attractive: she gave herself up to the full charm of the intercourse, and—before she was aware of it, before she had cast so much as a thought to the danger, she had learnt

to love Mr. Janson.

Not before he had learnt to love her. Every tone of his voice, every glance of his eye; every pressure of his hand, given in common intercourse, told of the secret. Not a word was spoken between them; not a word perhaps would be spoken; but the heart has a language of its own, un-needful of common words, and they had found the way to use it.

Did either give a thought to the future?

Probably not. The present happiness was all-sufficient for the present hour. Had Mr. Janson soberly set himself to contemplate that inevitable future, it would have looked unpromising enough. To imagine a union with Miss Saxonbury would have been in the highest degree preposterous; and on Miss Saxonbury's part, she would have deemed it a great calamity—nay, a diagrace—to wed one so far beneath her. So the love, though it had come, was but an unsatisfactory good, take it for all in

And the pleasant intercourse was soon to have an ending. They were in the pic-ture-gallery one wet day in February, Louisa and Fannie Ashton making a great noise with a ball at the other end of Maria sat on one of the crimson benches, and Mr Janson stood near her. She was toying with the blue ribbons that tied her lace sleeve at the wrist, her cyclids droop

"Why need you go so soon?" she asked in reply to a remark from him that the end of the week would see his departure. "So soon!" echoed Mr. Janson. "I came here for less than one week, and I have stayed more than six. I wish I could stay," he added in a lower and more impassioned tone. "I wish I could stay on forever."

"You have been able to do mamma so much good," returned Maria, after a

Could I have done her permanent

good, I should be better satisfied, Miss Saxonbury." "Do you think, as others do, that the

illness will last for years—that she may never, even, get well?"

the ending."
"It will be a marked change, my hard work in Paris after the delightful time of

-of idleness," he resumed.

century.

Lady Saxonbury died of her malady.-

# THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

### VOL. 1. HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., JANUARY 20, 1875.

"I shall stay a week on the road with y mother."
Maria lifted her eyes. "Your mother?

don't think I have heard you mention her. Where does she live?" "On the coast of France. One of the quiet sesport towns in direct steam communication with England. She has lived there since my father died. Being a Roman Catholic, and her income small, the

The words somewhat surprised Maria. "You are not a Roman Catholic?" she said, recalling the fact that he had at-

tended church with them on Sundays.
"No, I was reared in my father's faith Had there been daughters, they would have been brought up in my mother's." "Your father was a soldier, I have

heard you say?" "A soldier and a gentleman," somewhat pointedly replied Mr. Janeon. "But a poor one, and one of whom promotion

poor one, and one of whom promotion seemed shy. He had not so much as gained his majority when he was killed." "Why did you not go into the army?" "My mother set her face against it; scared no doubt by my father's fate." "I think I would have been anything,

rather than a doctor," remarked Maria, ulling more vehemently at her ribbons.
"Would you? I like it. I chose it. My
nother wished me to read for the bar, but I did not fall in with the idea. I have neither talent nor liking that way."
"I would have chosen it," said Maria. Look at the honors open to a barris-

"Some few in our profession attain to honor also," he said; "to honor and to fame. I may: though I do not think I am very ambitions. The chances are," he added, laughing, "that I shall settle down into a jog trot country surgeon, keeping my one-horse gig, and doctoring

"There: it's untied now!" Miss Saxonbury had pulled the ribbons f her sleeve a little too far: a slight accident, and one scarcely sufficient to ac count for her tone of vexation. She began to twist the ribbons impatiently round

"Will you accept of my clumsy tying?"

She laughed, and held out her arm to wards him. He was in the act of tying the bow, his eyes fixed on her face at the same time, as he whispered some gallant nonsense connected with the occasion, and Maria was listening with a half-rais ed face and a self-conscious flush, when some one moved towards them from the

ntrance of the gallery.

It was Mr. Yorke. And he had time to take in a full view of the signs and ap-pearances before they saw him. The bent head of the bandsome man, and his whispered words; the employment bringing lheir heads into so close a contact; and the crimson cheeks, the downcast lashes of Maria. Something very like an ill-

word burst from his lips.

They looked around, and Maria, scarlet now, but not loosing self-possession advanced a few steps to welcome him. He came on, and the gentlemen stood

Rivals from that moment: and they both saw it. Never destined to be open his consciousness of his present fallen for- ones, perhaps, but rivals beyond dispute in their secret hearts.

Mr. Janson, Mr. Yorke." Miss Saxonbury spoke. Mr. Janson saw a tall, powerful man, whose very height and strength gave him beauty. A fine countenance, too: though, when angered, he had a habit of showing too much of his white teeth. Mr. Yorke, on is part, saw a frank, open, generouslooking man, whose personal attractions, if brought into play, might render him a langerous rival.

"How you have surprised me!" began aria. "Have you seen papa?" "Not yet," he gravely answered. "White gallery, and I came on here. But I do

not see him, Maria."
"I saw Sir Arthur walk across grounds in the rain an hour ago," inter-He has not come in, probably.

A haughty bow in return for the infor-mation, and Mr. Yorke fairly turned his back upon the speaker. Mr. Janson walked away to the end window, with the good-natured intention of looking out for Sir Arthur.

"Who is that man, Maria?" "I told you-Mr. Janson," she answered; resentment against his haughty air, his assumption of authority, seating itself within her there and then, and peeping out in her tone. "He is a medical student, and a friend of papa's. He was the death-bed friend of poor Raby Raby," she added in her spirit of bravado. "He

has been here since Christmas, and papa has been here since Christmas, and papa likes him very much. We all do.'.

Mr. Yorke's lip curled. A medical student! Taking the hand of Maria, he placed it within his arm to lead her away. "Let me conduct you to Lady Saxonbury, Maria. I suppose she is visible."

What rebellion she might have offered, whether any or none, it is impossible to know, for at that moment Sir Arthur entered. The little girls, too, becoming

tered. The little girls, too, becoming aware of Mr. Yorke's presence for the first time, came running from the upper end of the gallery. Maria seized the opportuni-

ty to escape. Changes came to Saxonbury ere the week was over. Mr. Janson took a cor dial farewell of all, and departed, as he had planned to do. Mr. Yorke also departed, but not until he had had a serious quarrel with Maria. Without their tacit engagement having been mentioned them or alluded to, it was understood between that it was at an end, that they had parted and though the name of Mr. Janson was not breathed, each knew that but for his having come to Saxonbury that parting had not taken place.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "RUSHING WATER." It is eminently suggestive of our uncer tain life here, to mark how time works its changes. Sometimes, in an incredibly short period, changes of the most unex-"I have given my opinion to Sir Arthur," was Mr. Janson's reply, after an
almost imperceptible hesitation. He
could not say to Maria, "Far from getting
well, I fear that a very few weeks will see been sufficient for the marking of half i

Maria played more abstractedly than ever with her blue ribbons. "Do you go on to Paris on direct, leaving Saxon-bury?" married the widow of Colonel Yorke, an uncle of Mr. Yorke's. Mrs. Yorke was notable for little, save a somewhat fractions spirit, and for her overweening indulgence of her boy, the son and heir of the late Colonel Yorke. Six months subsequent to his second marriage, Sir Arthur died, and Mr. Yorke succeeded

to Saxonbury. The second Lady Sax-onbury—often called Mrs. Yorke still by the friends of her old days—removed to London with her establishmen and her step-daughter Maria. With intervals of traveling, they had chiefly resided in London since. One year they had gone to pass the autumn at a comparatively little known French watering-place—the very town which Mr. Janson had spoken of as being the residence of his mother.— Some friends of Lady Saxonbury's were

there for a sojourn, and that induced her to go. Once there, she became impressed with the idea that a little French schooling would prove of incalculable benefit to her son in regard to the acquiring of the language, and she placed him at the college as an enterne, and prolonged her stay through the winter. But the young gen-tleman appeared to be more apt at picking up the Flemish patois he heard in the streets, than at the good French drilled

into him in the school Maria stayed on, nothing loth, for-Mr. Janson was there. They had met once or twice temporarily since that visit of his to Saxonbury, and now they were in the habit of meeting daily—at least they had met daily until within the last few days. But the crisis had come and gone, and they had parted.

It was Mr Janson himself who had invoked it. Led on to believe (and there was every excuse for him that Maria's manner could afford) that she would regard his suit favorably, he at length spoke out, telling her how deeply he loved her, how, if she could but reconcile herself to become a surgeon's wife, there was a good practice waiting for him in England. The terms of purchase were arranged, and his mother was ready to supply the funds. It startled Maria beyond every thing. It brought her to her senses. She, Maria Saxonbury, sink down to an obscure sur-geon's wife, one who had yet his way to make! Her brow grew red at the thought, and she told him quietly that it could nev-

"Why have you led me on, then?" h inquired, his tone one of strangely acut

anguish.
Why, indeed! Maria could not answer. She could not tell him that she had loved as passionately as he did, or that the anguish at her own heart was great as his.

And so they parted. Nothing more could be said or done. The dream of romance was over, and each must make the

About a week went on after this final interview, and the last day of March came m. The harbor of this fine old fishing town was alive with bustle. On the following day, the first of April, the Iceland fishing boats were to go out with the morning stide. A whole fleet of yessels, some large, some small; some with their complement of ten or twelve men and boys on board, some with but four or five, who were making ready to depart on their an-nual voyage to the North fishery, praying

Yes, praying. The streets were crowded with promenaders, going to or return-ing from the beautiful little chapel of the A gaze from the one to the other went port, a chapel especially consecrated fishermen. For three days had that small chapel been besieged, so that it was difficult to push a way in or out. It was a small building, little larger than a fair sized room; models of ships were suspended in it, and it was tastefully decorated with landscape pictures, with gilding, and flowers, and ornaments, after the manner of the favorite chapels of the Roman Catholics. Some marine views in particular were attractively painted. They lined the walls of the porch, five or six of them, in glittering frames, and represented the vi-cissitudes of a sea-life. One portrayed a calm sea, on which glided a large ship with her white sails set, a scene of peace; another view showed her rocking and tossing in all the perils of a storm, apparently about to succumb to its fury. Here was a small picture, representing a fishing boat sinking, sinking hopelessly, beyond possibility of succor, its mariners' hands and their beseeching countenances out-stretched to heaven. The frame above it contained a view of another fishing vessel approaching its harbor in safety. The chances and dangers of its past voyage were surmounted, and home faces were collected on the beach to welcome it in.

The chapel was dark; dark even in th daytime. The windows were sombre with their stained glass; and the ornaments, cases of relics, images, and pictures, raised against them, further obstructed the light. It never was wholly dark, for the high candles on the altar were kept continually burning, and numberless collects ions of miniature tapers were lighted up by the kneeding women. From sunrise till late at night the chapel was receiving and pouring forth its crowds. The saile men and boys would come in, sink on their knees before one or the other of the images, St. Andrew, St. Peter, or the Virgin, and remain there, still as death for a couple of minutes, praying to the saint. Then they crossed themselves and passed out, and the short prayer would last most of them until their return, when they would go into the same chapel and offer as brief thanks. The women remained kneeling longer: their prayers were chiefly for a bon voyage and safe return; the men's for a good haul of cod. Not half the people who crowded there on the few evenings preceding the boat's departure could get an entrance into the chapel therefore many were content to kneel out-side on the enclosed space of waste ground around it, and there pray. They all man-aged to steal a look through the open door at whichever image they patronized, bow-ed to it, made the sign of the cross, and

so departed in peace. There glided a lady into the chapel this evening at the dusk hour. She looked of superior class, and was handsomely but quietly dressed. She drew aside to the emotest obscurity of the chapel entrance, and leaned against the bar that was placed there to guard the paintings, waiting till her turn should come to push in with the stream. She was a middle-aged woman, and must once have been beautiful, but her features looked clouded with care.— A young woman followed her in the neat dress of a French domestic servant, wearing the universal dark cloth cloak, and close snow-white cap. The lady was anxions to pray, and soon passed on: the maid

was more anxious to look about her and to gossip, so she stopped at the entrance Presently an acquaintance came up, anther woman-servant, who accosted her:

"Hey, Therese, is it you? Who have you come to pray for? I thought your

"I am attending madame."
"Madame Janson! What does she do here? She has nothing to do with the cod-fishery."
"I can tell you that she has, though,"

was the reply of Therese, "and a fine way the house has been in, through it. You know her son?" "Who does not? A rackety blade."
"Rackety! Well, he may be a little.—
Everybody likes him, though."

Well, what of him?" "He is going out with the cod-boats to

"With the cod-boats! That young Engishman! Why, what on earth it can't

Therese nodded her head several times n succession. "Some whim of his. He goes for pleasure, he says."
"Stuff, Thereof Such a thing was never heard of as going with the cod-boats for pleasure. It's a precious hard voyage and hard life. Besides, the crew don't want a

fine gentleman on board."
"Oh, what do they care? He has made

"Vandersphinks! Which is he going out in, then? "The Rushing Water."

"Well, he has got a taste! To go out in a dirty cod-boat to that cold barren Iceland, a handsome young fellow like that! Will he share the sailors' fare." "Not he: any more than he'll share their

abor. There's some tins of preserved meat gone on board for him, and a big hamper of prime Bordeaux wine. "And that brings his mother here-to pray for his safe return! Therese, its a lucky thing she is not a heretic, though she is one of them English, or she couldn't

have come here to pray for it—at least, with any chance of St. Peter listening to her. But, I say, he is a heretic, isn't he?" Therese nudged her companion for si-ence. And the woman, looking round, saw close to her a party of "heretics;" two English ladies and a child, who had come,

full of British curiosity, to witness the praying in the chapel. "You shouldn't call 'em so to their faces," whispered the tolerant Therese.—
"They are as good as we are, for all I see,

Therese broke off suddenly, and dropped upon her knees. Her mistress was com-ing out again, after her short prayer.

"Therese, have you not been in?" de-manded Mrs. Janson, in very good French, her tone betraying reproach and surprise. "Couldn't get in, madame," answered Therese, without thinking it necessary to add that she had not tried.

It took some time to get out. Several were pushing out, as well as themselves, but they were obstrubted by the numbers pushing in. Immediately following Mrs. Janson were the two English ladies mentioned, the younger one, who was an elestrating at their leaving so soon.

"Henry is so troublesome," replied her "I could searcely hold him still, do all I would. He wanted to run inside, amidst the mass kneeling there." "I told you it would be so, namma.— You should have left him at home.'

"Oh, of course," observed theelder lady, in a sharp accent. "I know he is an eye-sore to you, Elizabeth." "Mamma, you know that he is nothing of the sort. But he is the most trouble-

some boy that ever existed, especially to take anywhere.' Miss Saxonbury was right; for it was no other. Never was there so tioublesome a child as Henry Yorke. He was a slen-der boy of ten, fair and delicate, with wellformed features and long wavy hair, the combing out of which every morning by his mother, and the coaxing into curls, kept the house in an uproar for an hour. He was one of those precocious, clever children, who, to use a familiar phrase, are "awake to every thing," restless, mischievous, and wilful. Yet the boy had admirable qualities, had they been allowed fair play, but his mother pursued a system of ruinous indulgence. He was the pride and delight of her life, and the torment of every one else's. A whim had taken him lately to call his half-sister (if she might be termed such) by her second name, Elizabeth. He detected that she did not like it, and therefore he did it, for mischief's sake. Lady Saxonbury fell sometimes into the same name. Maria felt convinced that it was done to please

No sooner were they outside than Hen-ry managed to emancipate himself from his mother's grasp, and she had the satisfaction of seeing him rush back again, twist himself amidst the blockade at the

entrance and disappear.
"There!" uttered Lady Saxosbury, gone—just like an eel! What am I to to get at him? Wait here, Maria." "Therese," said Mrs. Janson, who had seen and heard this bit of by-play, "go home fast and get supper ready. If Mr. Edward should be at home, tell him I shall

Therese went off, picking her way through the lines of kneelers on the earth, and turning her head and her drooping gold ear-rings from side side, in search of a gossip to walk with. Miss Saxonbury,

who had drawn aside to be out of the way of passers-by, found herself suddenly ad-"You are Maria Elizabeth Saxonbury?"

"Yes," she replied, wondering at the stranger's familiarity.
"I knew you by intuition, I heard

Miss Saxonbury was of rare beauty, and I have not often witnessed beauty to match what I now see in you. If it shall prove the blight to others that it has to me, better for you that you had been a model of deformity."

"I do not understand you," haughtily spoke Miss Saxonbury. "I do not know

"I have given you no opportunity to to know me. I am Edward Janson's moth-er. I have lived in this place many years, holding myself aloof from my countrymen who flock here to make it their few years residence, or their few weeks' sojourn. am too poor to compete with some of their ostentatious purses. I am saving for my son; and I am too proud to risk familiari-ty with doubtful characters—as many of them are. Therefore your family and I have never met. I wish I could say that you had never met my son. You have say it to tease her, when I want any thing remembering the fishing expedition.

played your beauty off upon him, flirted with him, courted him—yes, you have, Miss Saxonbury!—and drawn him on to Every inch of ground, towards the ex-Miss Saxonbury!—and drawn him on to love you. When that love had reached a height that it could no longer be suppress-ed within the bounds of prudence, and he told it to you, you rejected him. It may be, with scorn, because he was poor and you were rich; I know not; from him I have learnt nothing. He has kept his own ounsel and your secret; but I have watched closely, and know the day that brought to him this despair. In blighting his hap-piness you have blighted mine."

Maria Saxonbury's glowing features had turned to paleness, and now they were glowing again. The words told home.— She appeared too confused to answer, and Mrs. Janson continued-

"He came over here to pass a few weeks with me before he should settle in his proession, in his own country. Those weeks have been passed with you, rather than with me, and now he is going out with these wretched cod-fishers and may necessary

"Going out with the cod-fishers!" me "Yes, he is," replied Mrs. Janson. "When he came home, two days ago, and told me his intention, I thought my heart told me his intention, I thought my heart would have broken; and in my haste I wished that you had been dead—dead, young lady—before you had lured my boy on to love you, and then treated him so, that he must go this hard voyage to forget you and strive for peace. I have pity for misfortune," added Mrs. Janson, "but I have none for wilful fault, for the sinful indulgence of yanity. I do not wish you

indulgence of vanity. I do not wish you ill, Maria Saxonbury; I trust I have too much Christian charity deliberately to wish it to any one; but I cannot help feeling that, should your existence become as bitter to you as you have made mine, it will only be a just retribution."

will only be a just retribution."

Without another word, she turned away, leaving Miss Saxonbury rooted to the spot, and miserably conscious. All that Mrs. Janson had reproached her with was, in the main, only too just. In the old days at Saxonbury she had first flirted with Edward Janson for love of admiration's sake. Now that the love which supervened had been spoken, she meant to bury wened had been spoken, she meant to bury vened had been spoken, she meant to bury hers within her own breast, to stifle it, to extinguish it; and she had turned him

adrift to do the same.

"I was obliged to hold up a five-franc piece to bribe him to come out," said Ladv Saxonbury, emerging from the chapel, dv Saxonbury, emerging from the chapel, hot and red, the truant a fast prisoner in her grasp. "And glad enough to get him out on terms so easy: he had got close up to that lighted altar at the other end."

Miss Saxonbury took hold of the boy's other hand, and away they went; Harry delighted at his five-franc piece, and kick-

ing up clouds of dust as he walked betwee The morning rose bright and clear.— The tide served at eight o'clock, but long before that hour the port was taken pos ession of. Half the town was there to session of. Half the town was there to witness the departure, thronging the piers and the heights. It was a stirring sight. Vessel after vessel, hoisting its sails, came smoothly down the harbor, each receiving an animated, hearty cheer of hope from hundreds of voices. Wives, mothers, sisters, and little children, leaned over the nearly unprotected sides of the piers, to wish good luck to the several crews, and wish good luck to the several crews, and ulter the last farewell in their familiar

down, a trim-built craft of middling size.

A sunburnt boy, in a fishing-cap, and red flannel shirt, was in the bows, grinning. "Here comes the Rushing Water," cried a spectator. "So, she is taking out young Paul!" he added, as he caught sight of the boy's face. "The crew of the Fleur de Ma-rie would not take him."
"Why not?" inquired those around.

"He has been in three different vessel three years running, has that monkey, and they all had enough of him. A worse boy never sailed than that young Paul, he is made up of ill-nature and mischief The Rushing Water must have been hard up for hands to take him."

"The Rushing Water is taking out a hand or two short," chimed in an old fish. wife. "Some getleman took a whim to go out in her, and he wouldn't be crowded he said. They took this young shaver aboard last night: he can be put any-

Leaning over the side of the pier with Henry Yorke, and attended by a maid and lootman, was Miss Saxonbury. The Rushing Water came gliding past, and her cheeks expressed plainly their consciousness of it. Standing upright in the boat in a jaunty sailor's costume, was Mr. Jan-son, handsomer than ever. He looked at her with a face schooled to impassiveness, and gravely lifted his hat in token of adieu. She forgot her resolution for a moment: her eyes were strained yearning-ly on him, and the tears shone in them, as she waved her handkerchief in answer. Another grave bow ere he resumed his glazed hat, and the Rushing Water glided

down the harbor. A gentleman stood at Miss Saxonbury' somewhat behind her. He had side, somewhat behind her. He had seen the signs of her emotion, and his lips parted with a defiant expression. He was a tall, powerfully-built man, of nearly thirty, with remarkably white teeth, which he showed too much. Without perceiving him, Miss Saxonbury turned to pursue her way to the top of the crowded pier. It was a work of difficulty, and Henry Yorke exercised his feet and his

"Harry, if you behave so rudely, if you push the people unnecessarily, I will send John home with you."

"That you won't I would jump over the pier first, and go home ducked, on purpose to get you into a row with mam-ma. You know you are not to dictate to "Hush! Be a good boy."

"I say, Elizabeth, don't you wish were going out with Mr. Janson?" It was a telling question, innocently ut. And he who was following close put And he who was innoving behind, saw that her very neck was in a "I do," continued Harry. "It is so nice to sail over the sea. I'll be a sailor

when I grow up.' "Nice to sail over the sea!" cried Miss Saxonburry. 'Don't you remember how il! you were, only crossing here from Lon-

"It was the nasty steamer made m ill. I do mean to be a sailor, Maria, and I'll bring you lots of things home from

NO. 3

Every inch of ground, towards the extremity of the pier, was contested for, that being the best gazing place. The sea was calm and lovely, the light wind, which served to spread the sails, scarcely ruffing it: more than thirty boats were scape, and the morning sun shone bright-scape, and the morning sun shone bright-ly on the canvas, as they skimmed over "After such a thing as that put into his the water. Miss Saxonbury was strug-gling on, when a crash and shouting be-low, and a worse press than ever to the side of the pier, suggested that some un-toward accident had occurred. The Rush-ing Water, in going out of harbor, had, by some mishap or mismanagement, which none on board could account for, struck against the end of the pier. The boy, Paul; had been left for a single moment near the rudder: could he have mischiev ously altered the boats course?

"What damage is done?" inquired Miss Saxonbury of a hystander, a fisherman, when the excitement was abating. "Not much, as far as I can see. will have to put back, though, till the ovening's tide, and give her a haul over." "Good morning, Miss Saxonbury. You

are out early."

She turned sharply round at the voice, to encounter Mr. Yorke. He was staying in the French town also, herself, no doubt, his motive power. Perhaps he was wait-

ing the oportunity to say to her what he had thought to say years ago. "We came to see the boats go out," she said, giving him her hand.
"I should scarcely have thought a fleet of paltry fishing-boats would be a suffi-cient attraction to call a young lady from

"Oh, Mr. Yorke! Look at the numbers of English around: nearly every one we know is here. It is a sight which has the charm of novelty for many of us."

"I see your young friend Janson's courage has not failed him at the last," he said mockingly. "We shall be rid of him for a time."

"For good, probably," she replied with the utmost apparent indifference. "Be-fore he returns, we shall no doubt have

"I hope so. I wonder at Lady Saxon-bury's having brought you here at all. I wonder that she should remain here! These continental towns are not places for

Miss Saxonbury."
"She remains for Henry's improvement "She remains for Henry's improvement in French," said Maria.

"And, that he may gain facility in speaking it, she sends him to the college, where he mixes with a dozen other English boys," said Mr. Yorke. "And they abuse each other all day in genuine Queen's English."

"We are not soing to associate with

"We are not going to associate with those pigs of French beggars," interposed Master Yorke, shaking back his pretty

they got separated from Mr. Yorke, also from the servants. As Maria and Henry were passing through the old fortified gates of the port, three or four lads, all older than himself; came up to hold a conference with Harry. It appeared to be productive of some pleasurable excitement, for he turned to his sister with sparkling eyes and an eager face.

The founders, seeing bow much co-operation and concentration were doing for every other association, conceived the idea that the same co-operative principle might be employed for the people for whose benefit it was conceived saw that it was good, and took hold of it in earnest. In returning down the crowded pier, they got separated from Mr. Yorke, also from the servants. As Maria and Henry were passing through the old fortified

sparkling eyes and an eager face.

you to go near the water."
"There's no danger Miss Saxonbury,"
spoke up one of the inviters, a boy of fifteen or sixteen. "We are going up the canal in a boat for a mile or two, and then shall land and fish. He can't come

"It is impossible that I can allow him to go," replied Maria. "He can ask his mamma if he like; but I am sure it will "It's a shame then!" exclaimed Henry.

I can never do any thing that I like. Won't I when I get bigger!"

He walked sullenly by his sister's aide until they reached the streets. As they were passing the college, one or two boys were going in at the scholars' entrance, and the old church clock, further off chimed out nine.

"I shall go into school now," said Herry.

"Nonsense," returned Maria. have not had your breakfast."
"I don't want any. I don't want to be marked late. It's your fault for stopping so long upon the pier. So good-bye, Elizabeth."

"Good-bye," she repeated, scarcely heeding his departure or what she said, for at that moment Edward Janson appeared, crossing the street, having landed from the Bushing Water. The sight made

her oblivious to every thing else.

At six o'clock, when they assembled to dinner, Henry was missing. Lady Sax-onbury supposed he was kept in at school, not an unfrequent occurrence, and began dinner with a very bad grace. She in-quired of John what time he went back school after luncheon: she and Maris having been out in the middle of the

"Master Henry did not come home to

uncheon, ma'am."

Lady Saxonbury was indignant. "No Lady Saxonbury was indignant. "No breakfast, and keep him from two meals besides!" she uttered. "It is enough to throw him into consumption. The master must be a bear. Go at once and bring him home, John; bring him home by force if they object, and threaten them with the police. I'll summons that master before the Criminal Tribunal."

The footman went leisurals of secrecy, and the most successful man is he who keeps his plans to himself. In the Grange there is just enough secret to make it attractive.

The Grange also does what no party or organization has done.

The footman went leisurely enough to the college; but he ran back again at full speed. Master Yorke had not been into class that day, and he was to be punished

for it on the morrow.
"Not into class!" repeated the alarmed nother. "Elizabeth you told me you left

him at the college."

"So I did. I saw him run to the gates.
I—I think I saw him enter," she added, more hesitatingly, trying to remember whether she did or not. "You think! What do you mean by

that?" demanded Lady Saxonbury, who really cared nothing for anybody except her son. "You saw him, or you did not."

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"What boys? Why don't you speak

"Jones and Anson, and a few more English lade, were going up the canal in a boat to fish, and they wanted Harry to go with them," explained Maria. "I refused,

of course. "Then he is sure to be gone! and if he head, you ought to have brought him home and kept him here. You know what he

There was no further peace. Lady Sax-onbury not only sent about the town, but went herself, to the houses of the boys' went herself, to the houses of the boys' parents, and to every place where there was a possibility of hearing of him. The other parents were alarmed now. With some difficulty they discovered which canal the young gentlemen had tavored with their company, and bent their steps to it in a body, Mr. Jones carrying a lantern, for it was dark then. They had not proceeded along its banks many minutes when they encountered a small army of half athey encountered a small army of half adozen, looking like drowned rats. It proved to be the young gentlemen themselves, who had all been in the water, through the upsetting of the boat.

"Where is Henry?" asked Lady Saxon-

bury, trembling so that she could scarcely put the question. "Has he been with you?" "Yes, he has been with us."

"Where is be? Ob, where is he?" "He was in the boat when it capsized We can't make out where he is. I'm sure

he scrambled out."

Maria was very pale. "How are you sure?" she asked, in a tone of dread.
"I am positive I saw him," cried Philip Anson, "and I spoke to him. I said to him, That was a splash and a near touch, wasn't it, Hal? and he answered, 'By Jove,

"No, it was me answered you that, Phil," interposed a little fellow about

Henry's age.
"Well, I'm positive he is out," rejoined
Phil Anson, "for I know'I saw him, and
his hair had got the curl out of it, and was "Be-t have "Did any of the rest of you see him?"

inquired Maria, in painful suspense.

All the boys began talking together.—
The result to be gathered was, that they could not be sure whether he was out or not; it was all a scramble at the time, and

nearly dark.

"Oh, mamma, do not despair!" implored Maria. But Lady Saxonbury had fainted away, and was lying on the towing-path.

[Continued next week.] The Grange-Objects and Bene-

At the recent installation of officers of the New Hampshire State Grange, an excellent address was delivered by Col. D. Wyatt, Aiken, from which we master Yorke, snaking back his prediction of the confidence of the

"Maria, may I go out fishing?"

"Fishing, no! You would send mamma into a fever. You know she never allows of their calling they are much isolated, One great object of the Grange is to elevate farmers. From the nature and this isolation tends to make them unsocial and selfish. The farmer's wife never goes anywhere, because her husband cannot find time or disposition to go with her, and she becomes unto any harm; we are accustomed to the management of a boat, and we shall take our provisious with us. We mean to make a day of it."

This is characteristic of the farming community from Maine to Texas. In the Grange they are brought together, and their they are brought together, and their social natures are developed and elevated. He had been in many States, but he had found none where the farmer and his wife did not find time to go to the Grange after they had once

> entered. Then the Grange is educating pow-er. He believed it required more mind, thought, energy, to make a successful farmer, than any other avoca-tion in life. This is an age of progress, and the man who stands still and don't study to improve, will go backward. Farming must be studied.
> Agriculture is a large science, and the
> more we study it the larger the fields
> spread out before us. To be a true
> farmer, a man should study to prepare himself as much as for any of the pro-fessions. In the Grange the latent in-telligence of the farmer is brought out, and each can learn of the other some new idea or method. Two heads are always better than one. Not only does the Grange improve him educationally and social, but morally. The farmer ought above all others, to be a Christian. His avocation should peculiarly lead him to look through nature up to nature's God. The Grange makes him charitable,

Referring to the secreey of the Order, he said it was that which gave it

says to every man in the Union: "Come in, and I'll give you the hand of friendship." It knows no north, no south, no east no west. It bridges the bloody chasm which has divided different sections.

The constitution of the Grange prohibits the discussion of religion or politics, and neither political or religious tests for memberships are allowed. Yet this means to exclude only sectarianism and partisanship, for religion in its true sense is always taught here, and there is no fitter subject than polities in its real meaning-the science of government-for our consideration,